

A. Ulyanova

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BOYHOOD
AND
ADOLESCENCE*





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CHAPTER ONE

Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov (Lenin) was born on April 22, 1870, in the Volga town of Simbirsk, later renamed Ulyanovsk, in his honour.

At that time, Vladimir's father, Ilya Nikolayevich, was a school inspector in Simbirsk Gubernia. He came of simple folk and lost his father at an early age; with the assistance of his elder brother he managed to get an education. After finishing the University he at first taught in Penza, then in Nizhni-Novgorod. He was a great favourite among his pupils, never punishing them or complaining of them to the headmaster; as a teacher he was always patient, made his lessons easy to understand, and on Sundays gave free coaching to pupils who were behind in their studies or had no one at home to explain their difficulties. In later years his pupils always thought of him with love and gratitude. In Simbirsk he tried to establish more schools for the poor, for peasant children, and to this end did not grudge his time, energy or health, journeying to various parts of the gubernia in all weather.

Maria Alexandrovna, Vladimir's mother, was the daughter of a doctor; most of her youth was spent in the country and the peasants in the neighbourhood were devoted to her. She was very musical and knew foreign languages — French, German and English — and taught her children these accomplishments. She did not care

for social functions or amusements, spending almost all of her time at home with her children, who dearly loved and respected her. A quietly-spoken, tender word was sufficient to command their obedience. Like his wife, Ilya Nikolayevich, too, preferred to spend his free time with his family, teaching the children, joining in their games, or telling them a story.

It was in this close-knit family that Vladimir grew up. He was a third child, boisterous, with quick, merry, hazel eyes.

Little Vladimir and his sister Olya, who was a year and a half his junior, were very gay and lively children. They loved noisy, active games, especially Vladimir, who usually ordered the little girl around. He would chase her under the sofa and then command: "Out you get!"

Vladimir took his gaiety and noisiness everywhere, and the steamboat taking the family to a village in Kazan Gubernia for the summer holidays was no exception.

"You mustn't shout so loudly here," Mother told him.

"But the ship's shouting loudly, too!" Vladimir answered unhesitatingly, at the top of his voice.

Whenever Vladimir or Olya were naughty, Mother would take them to Father's study and calm them by making them still in an armchair—the "black armchair" they called it. They were not allowed to leave it and go back to their games until Mother said they could. One day Vladimir was put in the "black armchair". Mother was called away and forgot all about him, but later she suddenly remembered that she hadn't heard his voice for a long time. She looked into the study, and there he was, sound asleep in the "black armchair".

He hardly played with his toys, usually breaking them. When we elder children tried to stop him he would sometimes hide from us. I remember his disappearing on one of his birthdays, after his nurse had given him a papier-mâché troika. A quick search found him standing behind a door, twisting the horses' legs with quiet concentration until they dropped off one by one.

CHAPTER TWO

Under Mother's guidance Vladimir learned to read when he was five. He and Olya would spend hours eagerly reading the children's books and magazines to which Father subscribed for them. Soon they took to reading stories from Russian history and learned poems by heart. It was Olya, by the way, who liked poetry most of all. She knew many long and difficult poems and would recite them with great emphasis.

When Vladimir was about eight, his favourite poem was "The Song of the Poor Peasant", which he always recited with great dash and spirit:

*The rich man worries all night long
Beside his money bags,
The poor man sings a jolly song
Although he's dressed in rags.*

He liked that poem very much.

As a little boy he had no books that he fancied most. He enjoyed the magazine *Children's Reading*. But after spending time with it he would go off with his sister



to play the noisy, lively games he liked so much. In the summer they would race about the yard or garden, climb the trees or play hide-and-seek, in which we two elder children would join. This was a game Vladimir always liked to play, but as he grew older his preferences turned to croquet. In the winter he would ride his sledge down the slide built in our yard or throw snowballs with his friends, and when he was older he would go out skating.

I remember Vladimir and our elder brother Sasha skating down the high hills near the Simbirsk public rink. The hills were so steep it was terrifying, at first, even to ride down on our sledges. At the top of the hill, where it was steepest, the boys would bend almost double, straightening up gradually as they gained speed, and gliding over the smooth surface of the rink for a long time. I would watch them enviously but could never make up my mind to follow them. I think Vladimir took the hill easier than Sasha; he was a short, sturdy boy. Naturally, he began skating only after he started going to school.

As I have already said, Vladimir was mischievous and liked a prank, but his good point was his truthfulness: he would always own up if he had been naughty. When he was five, he broke a ruler that had just been given to his eldest sister. He ran to her with the pieces and told her about it. She asked him how it had happened. "I broke it across my knee", he said and raised his knee to show how he had done it.

"I am glad he never does anything on the sly," Mother would say.

Once, she told us, something of the kind did happen. She had been paring apples in the kitchen for a pie and a heap of apple-parings was on the table. Vladimir, who was in the kitchen, asked for them, but Mother told him they should not be eaten. Just then someone called her, and when she returned to her work, Vladimir was already gone. She put her head out of the window and saw him sitting in the garden in front of a table with the parings piled on it. He was eating them as fast as he could. When Mother scolded him, he burst out crying and said he would never do it again.

"He never took anything again without my knowledge," Mother said.

Another time, when he was eight, Father took him and the elder children to Kazan for the first time, and from there we were to go to the village of Kokushkino to visit one of our aunts. In the aunt's Kazan house, during a game with his sisters, brothers and cousins, he accidentally pushed a little table. A carafe that had been on it fell on the floor and broke into small pieces.

Our aunt entered the room.

"Who smashed the carafe, children?" she asked.

"Not I, not I," they chorused, Vladimir among them.

He was afraid to own up to an aunt he knew so little, especially in a strange house. The smallest among us, he found it hard to say "I did", when all the rest had said "Not I". As nobody had owned up, our aunt left it at that. One evening, back in Simbirsk two or three months later, when the children had been tucked in for the night and Mother was making her round of the beds, Vladimir began to cry as she came up to him.

"I didn't tell Auntie Anna the truth," he sobbed, "I told her I didn't break the carafe, but I did, you know."

Mother comforted him by saying she would write Aunt Anna, and she would be sure to forgive him.

By this Vladimir showed how he hated lies, and although he had not been able to say it in a strange house, he found no peace until he told the truth.

CHAPTER THREE

Vladimir went to school when he was nine and a half. Two winters were spent in preparing him for the entrance exams. He was first tutored by a schoolmaster and then by a schoolmistress from the nearest town public school. She was considered very efficient; Vladimir went to her every day for an hour, rarely for two, either before lessons, from eight to nine, or during the Bible, needlework or drawing classes when she was free, from nine to ten. Very quick from childhood, he virtually flew to his lessons. I remember Mother calling to him to put on his coat one cold autumn morning, but he was gone before she could turn round. She looked out to call him back, but he had already turned the corner.

He was a very apt and eager pupil, and Father taught him, like the rest of us, to be persevering, exact and careful in everything he did. His teachers said the attention he gave to explanations in class assisted him greatly. Besides, his natural aptitude usually helped him to grasp the lessons at school and all he had to do at home was to go over them quickly. Often, in the evening when we elder children would sit down round the big table in the dining-room under the lamp to do our homework, it would turn out that Vladimir had already done his, and was busy talking, playing, teasing the younger children or bothering us.

Senior-class pupils were given a great deal of homework, and one of us would



always be saying, "Vladimir, stop it!", or "Mother, Vladimir won't let us do our homework!" But Vladimir could not keep still for any length of time. Sometimes Mother would take the smaller children into the drawing-room where they would sing to her accompaniment on the piano.

Vladimir liked to sing; he had a good ear and a gift for music. But even when he sang he lost no opportunity to play a prank. Mitya, our youngest brother, was a very soft-hearted little boy, and when he was about three or four, he could never sing "The Little Goat" without crying. We tried to tell him it was only a song, but as soon as he would pluck up his courage and attempt to sing through the saddest places without blinking, Vladimir would make a fierce face at him and add emphasis to the words: "And the wicked wolves ate the little goat..."

Mitya would do his best to keep back the tears.

But the naughty boy would make an even fiercer face as he sang: "And all Granny got were the little hooves and horns," until little Mitya could not stand it and melted into tears. I remember being very angry with Vladimir for teasing little Mitya.

CHAPTER FOUR

When Father was at home he would come to our rescue by taking Vladimir to the study and going through his homework. Vladimir usually had all his answers right. Then Father would ask the meaning of Latin words which he would choose at random from Vladimir's exercise-book. Here, too, Vladimir's answers were prompt. And if Father had no time to occupy him with something else, a game of chess, for instance, peace in the dining-room would be short-lived.

Father was very fond of chess and this fondness passed on to our brothers. It was always a thrill for any of them to be called into the study and find Father setting up the chess-men. Father was very proud of these chess-men. He had made them himself in Nizhni-Novgorod before we moved to Simbirsk, and we children thought a lot of them. We all learned the game and later, when Vladimir lived abroad, Mother sent him the chess-men. But when he was arrested in Cracow at the outbreak of World War I, and had to leave the city after his release, these chess-men, I regret to say, were lost together with his belongings.

Vladimir would often sit down to a game with Father or Sasha. We girls played less. I remember only once Father and three of us elder children devoting a whole autumn to the game, playing late into the evening. But when regular studies were

resumed, we naturally dropped it, because a game would draw out and take a lot of time.

Vladimir took everything he did very seriously and in chess, too, he, like Sasha, studied the game with the help of a manual, and later developed into a strong player. Chess often brightened his hours when he was compelled to live in a village, or provincial town, in exile or abroad. When he was a schoolboy he was always eager for a game of chess with Sasha. But I cannot say it was his only pastime. He liked doing anything Sasha did. He was very attached to his brother and followed his example down to little things. Whatever Vladimir was asked — what game he wanted to play, whether he would go for a walk, or wanted milk or butter with his porridge — he would invariably look at Sasha before answering. The latter would purposely take his time and look at his brother with a twinkle in his eye. We teased Vladimir about it, but that did not help, and he would reply: "I'll do as Sasha does." And as Sasha was an uncommonly serious and thoughtful boy with a strict sense of duty he made a very good model for Vladimir. The younger boy constantly had before him the example of his brother's concentration, his precision and attention in anything he did, and his great capacity for work.

The example set by Sasha, whom he loved with all his heart, told on Vladimir. Sasha set us all an example not only by his attitude towards work, but also by his attitude towards people; we loved him dearly for his tact and tenderness, for his sense of fair play and firmness. Vladimir was a quick-tempered boy, and Sasha's even temper and great self-control influenced all of us, especially Vladimir. What started as copying his brother, developed into a conscious effort to overcome this shortcoming, and in later years we never, or hardly ever, noticed his quick temper.

He made the same effort to develop a capacity for work. As I have already said, Vladimir was very attentive to all his school work and was an excellent pupil. However, with his outstanding abilities this hardly cost him any pains — he did not have to exert himself.

A critical and strict judge of himself and of those around him, he was quick to see his failing. One day as he listened to Olya patiently practising her scales on the piano, he said to me: "There's perseverance anyone can envy." And he began cultivating this trait. By the time he graduated from the University it had become a prominent feature of his character, and as a grown man he possessed it to a marvellous degree.

When Vladimir was still a little boy I generally remarked his ability to look at everything around him with a critical eye. That lively, mischievous boy who was so quick to notice funny, weak points in others and who liked to tease and laugh,



actually noticed other things, too. As in the case of Olya's patient playing he saw the good points as well, and always made comparisons to see whether he had them, and whether there was anything in other people's actions he could adopt.

This, I think, was one of his strongest points. I remember his saying on various occasions: "I wonder if I'd have had the courage to do that? I don't think so."

As a child he never bragged or put on airs. He could not stand these unpleasant traits in later years, too, and he cautioned the youth against them in a speech in 1920 at the Third Congress of the Komsomol.

True, Father, too, despised bragging and although all of us, especially Vladimir, were constantly doing well at school, he never praised us, and, while he rejoiced in our successes, he encouraged us to do still better.

CHAPTER FIVE

Returning from school, Vladimir would tell Father what had been taught at the lessons and how he had answered. As the answers were usually correct and the marks good Vladimir would sometimes simply report quickly, "Greek — excellent; German — excellent," as he passed Father's study on his way to his room upstairs.

A picture standing vividly in my mind is of Father sitting in his study and me catching a pleased smile he exchanged with Mother as they followed Vladimir's sturdy figure running past the door in his school uniform, a tuft of chestnut hair showing from under his school cap, and his voice ringing out: "Latin — excellent; Algebra — excellent." The subjects changed, but the marks rarely did.

In those years Father used to say to Mother that things came too easily to Vladimir and he was afraid the boy would not develop a capacity for work. We know now that he need not have feared. Vladimir succeeded in developing an exceptional capacity for work.

But Vladimir liked to have his fun, too. When his friends gathered or when he

was with the two younger children, Olya and Mitya, he led all the games. The house would ring with his laughter, his inexhaustible jokes and stories.

In her reminiscences, Vera Kashkadamova, a teacher at the town public school and a close friend of our family, describes the jolly mood that usually prevailed in our house when the whole family would gather for high tea. "Vladimir and his second sister Olya were noisiest of all," she says. "Their merry voices and contagious laughter simply flowed." They would tell us about various things that happened in school, their pranks and escapades. Father also liked to chat with us; he would come out of his study and, joining our circle, tell us jokes and anecdotes from school life, about his own school years and about his friends. "Everyone laughed and was gay. You could not help feeling at home in such a warm family circle," Kashkadamova writes.

Some of the pranks Vladimir played have remained in my memory. A cousin of ours, a doctor, came to visit us one day. At that time doctors were mostly men; our cousin was one of the first women to take up that profession. While she was in the drawing-room chatting with Mother and Father, they heard smothered laughter and whispering behind the door. Vladimir ran in and glibly addressed our guest:

"Anyuta, I'm ill; cure me!"

"What's the matter with you?" the young doctor asked condescendingly, seeing that the boy was joking.

"I can never eat enough: no matter how much I eat I'm always hungry."

"I see. Well, cut yourself a large slice of black bread in the kitchen, salt it well and eat it."

"I've tried that. It doesn't help."

"Repeat it, then, and I am sure it will help."

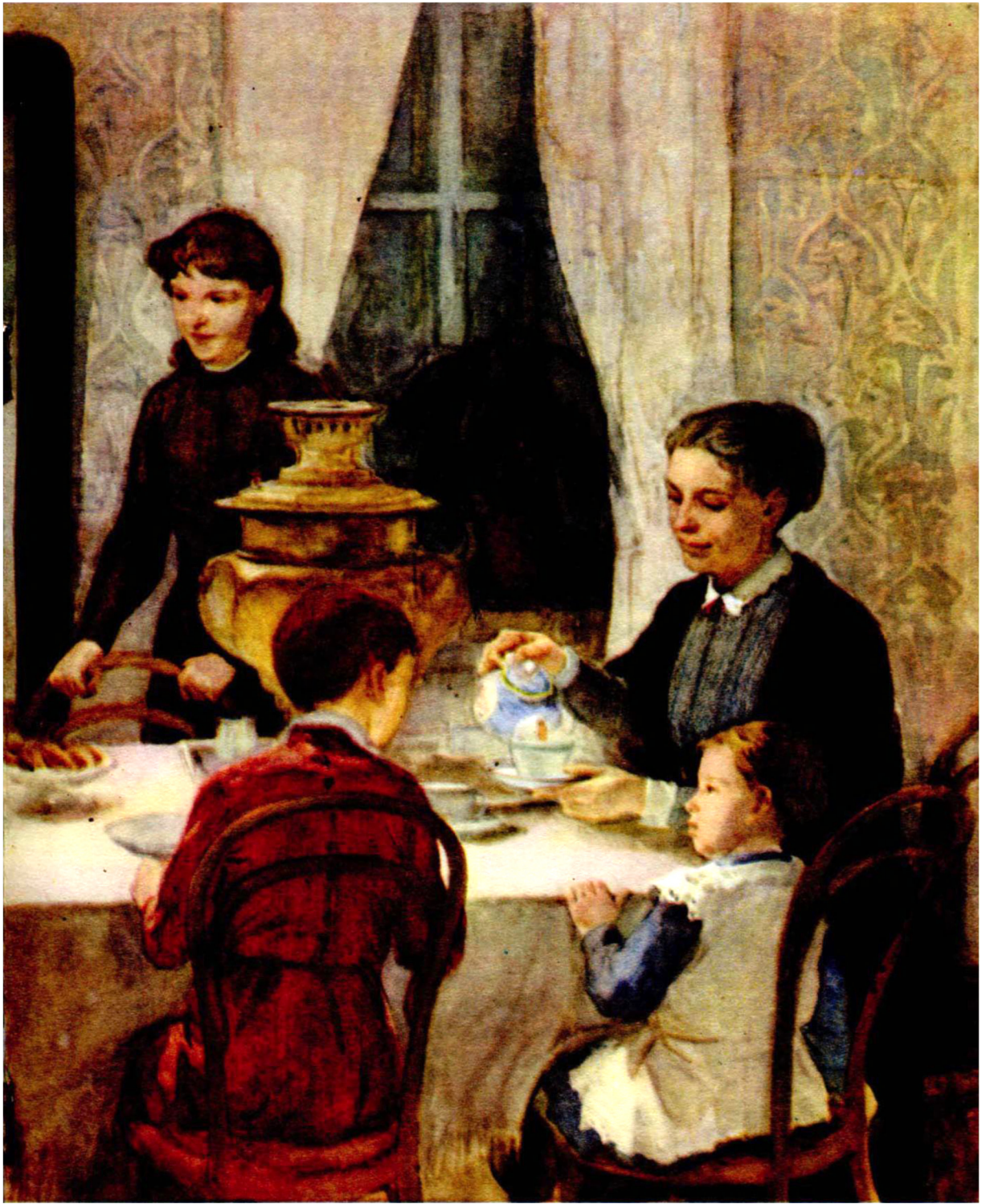
It remained for Vladimir to beat a retreat.

Vladimir liked music too. Mother taught him the exercises for beginners, gave him some easy children's songs and pieces to practise, and he was soon able to play quite well. Mother was sorry that he later dropped music, as he had shown great promise.

Formerly it had been the custom to give caged birds their freedom when spring came. Vladimir loved this custom and would ask Mother for money to buy a bird so he could set it free.

As a small boy Vladimir liked to catch birds himself and, with his friends, he would set snares for them. He once had a linnet in his cage. I do not remember whether he had caught it or bought it or whether someone had given it to him. I just remember that the little linnet did not live long. It began to pine, ruffled up its feathers and died. I do not know how that happened — Vladimir might have neglected to feed it.





I only remember that someone reproached him for it. He looked down at the dead linnet with a serious, absorbed expression, and said in a determined voice, "I'll never keep birds in a cage again."

And he never did.

He liked to fish on the Sviyaga, the river in Simbirsk. One of his friends related how someone suggested that they fish in a large water-filled ditch nearby, as there were a lot of crucian carp in it. When they reached the ditch Vladimir leaned over and fell, and the silty bottom began to suck him in. "I don't know what would have happened," the friend said, "if a worker from the factory on the bank had not heard our cries and dragged Vladimir out. After that we were not allowed to go to the Sviyaga too."

Although as a boy he liked to go fishing and bird-catching, Vladimir never gave his mind to these pursuits, and in his senior years at school he dropped them altogether. And when Sasha used to come home from the University for his summer holidays it was usually Mitya and not Vladimir who accompanied him in his boat on his excursions on the Sviyaga in search of worms and various water dwellers. Sasha had become interested in nature study while still in school. At the University he enrolled in the Faculty of Natural Sciences, and did research work in the summer, preparing material for his papers.

Vladimir did not like nature study. In school he was interested in Latin, history, geography and literature, and loved to write compositions, at which he was very good.

When he wrote a composition he did not limit himself to his text-books or to what his teachers taught him, but borrowed books from the library; his compositions were always substantial and written in a good literary style, the theme excellently worked out. The headmaster, who taught literature in the senior classes, was extremely fond of Vladimir, always praising his compositions and giving him the highest marks.

Vladimir never cared for the different hobbies that boys usually have. True, he and the other children would make the toys and decorations for the Christmas tree that we all loved so much. But besides this, I do not remember seeing him busy at any handiwork — carpentry or anything else. Neither did he fill his time with work that all boys are fond of, like fret-sawing, at which Sasha was so clever.

Reading (he loved to chew sunflower seeds whenever he read), running, walking, skating in the winter, croquet and swimming in the summer, took up all his extra-school time, as well as his winter and summer holidays. He never cared for adventure stories, preferring books by Gogol and later books by Turgenev, reading and re-reading them several times.

He was on very good terms with his classmates; he would help them over their difficulties, correct their translations and compositions, and sometimes help a classmate, who would be stuck, to write them. He told me he liked helping a classmate to get a good mark without showing that anyone, especially he, had helped to write the composition. He would explain difficulties to his classmates during the break, and, like Sasha, he would sometimes come to school half an hour earlier to translate a difficult passage from the Greek or the Latin, or explain a complicated theorem to them. The entire class depended on Vladimir; and in going forward he drew others along with him.



CHAPTER SIX

When we first arrived in Simbirsk, we moved from one more or less inconvenient apartment to another until Father bought a log house in Moskovskaya Street. This house is now a Lenin museum; where possible, all the rooms and the furniture have been restored, to make them just as they were when Lenin was a boy.

The house had only one storey, and the attic premises were used as bedrooms for the children. Vladimir's room was next to Sasha's, at one end of the house: my room and the rooms of the three younger children were at the other end. and we had a separate staircase. We moved to this house when Vladimir was eight: his first five school years were spent near Sasha. He adopted his brother's serious attitude towards things he had to do, watched him carrying out his experiments in nature study, read the books that Sasha read and always asked his advice.

We had a long backyard with a good lawn where a giant's stride was made for us and, facing Pokrovskaya Street, there was a fairly big garden. The garden fence had a wicket and we used it to go to the skating rink in winter and to swim in the Sviyaga in summer. We used to hire a private pool for an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening, and had our swim in two half-hour turns: Father and the boys would use it first, then we girls would go in with Mother. Our two parties would meet somewhere halfway to the Sviyaga, on the quiet grassy slope of Pokrovskaya Street.

Most of the garden was taken up by fruit trees: apple and cherry trees, and berry bushes of various kinds. We had some lovely flowerbeds, too. Mother, who loved gardening, was the spirit of it all.

We never hired gardeners, except to dig round the apple trees and to do other heavy work in the spring or autumn. As for the rest, all of us chipped in to help Mother.

On summer evenings, at the end of a hot dry day, all of us would be armed with pots and pails or anything that would hold water, and carry it from the well to the garden. I remember how fast Vladimir would bring back his empty watering pot for more water.

We had as much fruit and berries as we could eat. But Mother enforced a certain order. When the apples were ripening we were allowed to gather and eat only wind-falls—we never picked the unripe apples on the trees. Besides, we always ate the early varieties that spoiled easily first, saving the others for the winter and for jam-making. As a result we always had plenty of apples during the autumn months all through the winter.

I remember how indignant we all were with a little girl who was visiting us when she tried to show how clever she was by rushing past an apple tree and biting at an apple on the run. We could not understand such behaviour. The same rule applied to the berry bushes: we were told which strawberry rows, raspberry bushes, or cherry trees, we could “graze on” and which must be left untouched because they ripened late or were set aside for jam. I remember how surprised our friends would be to see three graceful cherry trees heavy with fruit near the arbour where we had our evening tea in summer, for, although they were quite easy to reach, none of the children touched them until July 20, which was Father's birthday.

“The children may eat the fruit in another part of the garden,” Mother explained. “I have asked them not to touch these until the 20th.”

Mother maintained discipline without restricting us too much, and this played an important part in our upbringing.

The wise discipline and thrift displayed by Vladimir Ilyich in his private life and which he demanded from all his comrades in building the state, had been learned in childhood.



CHAPTER SEVEN

In 1886, when Vladimir was nearly sixteen, our happy family received a heavy blow. Father died suddenly on January 12. Alexander (Sasha) was in St. Petersburg at the time. Vladimir was the oldest boy at home, but despite his youth, he was very attentive to Mother and tried to help her in every way with the cares and responsibilities she now faced.

That winter I stayed longer than usual in Simbirsk, where Father's death found me during the Christmas holidays. I had to catch up on my Latin, and Vladimir, who knew the subject well, helped me. He was a splendid coach and our lessons were lively and interesting. He used to say that the school course was too long, that any capable grown-up could complete the eight-year course in two years. And he proved this by preparing Okhotnikov, a teacher, for the school-leaving exams in two years.

Okhotnikov, who was a Chuvash, taught at a Chuvash school. He was a gifted mathematician, who had completed the school course in mathematics independently. He wanted to study higher mathematics, but to enter the University he had to pass all the school examinations, including Greek and Latin.

Naturally, for a Chuvash with a poor knowledge of Russian, this was not easy, especially as he had little aptitude for languages and social sciences. Nevertheless,

when Yakovlev, the inspector of the Chuvash school and a close friend of our family, suggested that Vladimir coach Okhotnikov for the exams, Vladimir agreed and had him ready in little over a year and a half, in spite of his own studies in the two senior grades at school. Okhotnikov passed his exams the same year that Vladimir did and entered the University. It should be added that Vladimir never took a kopek for helping Okhotnikov.

In 1887, when Vladimir was in his last year at school, our family received another heavy blow. Alexander was arrested in St. Petersburg for sharing in an attempt to assassinate Tsar Alexander III.

Vladimir was the first to hear this terrible news and had to prepare Mother for it. This was how it happened.

A relative of ours wrote to Kashkadamova, our school-mistress friend in Simbirsk, that Alexander and I had been arrested, and asked her to prepare Mother for the shock.

"When I received the letter," Kashkadamova relates, "I sent to the school for Vladimir and let him read it. He knitted his brows and stood silent for a long time in deep thought. It was no longer the merry boy I had known so well, who was standing before me, but a grown man. 'This may be very serious for Sasha,' he said."

Matters proved to be very serious indeed. Alexander was found to be one of the leaders of the attempted assassination and sentenced to death. He was executed on May 8, 1887.

Vladimir lived through the tragedy very stoically, continued his studies as usual, but became more serious and reserved. He often wondered if his brother had chosen the right path of struggle, and would say: "That is not the path we shall take. It is not the right one."

The school authorities in Simbirsk were reprimanded for having presented such a "base criminal" with a gold medal and first-grade certificate. It was thought the gold medal would not be given to his brother, Vladimir, but the latter's achievements in his eight years at school were so remarkable, and his answers at the graduation examinations so brilliant that it was quite impossible to deny him the medal. Olya, too, was awarded one when she finished. After receiving the medal Vladimir entered the law department at Kazan University.

Mother sold the house and everything else she did not need in Simbirsk, and moved to Kazan with the children.

The persecution of students, which had become unbearable already in the 1880s, was greatly intensified after a group of people, including students, made an attempt on the life of the tsar on March 1, 1887. Police spies were appointed "inspectors

of students"; all student societies, even the most innocent, were disbanded, all their organisations closed, and many students arrested or expelled.

In all the universities the students protested. Students' disturbances broke out at Kazan University, too.

Vladimir was expelled from the University for participating in a prohibited gathering, and was exiled to the village of Kokushkino.

His expulsion brought his student years to an end. The doors of all universities were closed to him.

His applications for reinstatement at the University were rejected mainly because he was the brother of Alexander Ulyanov.

And so, Vladimir's student life ended when he was seventeen years old, but his determination carried him through the university course without assistance.

He finished his formal education after he was finally allowed to take his examinations in the law school, and it is interesting to note that he graduated with his own class as if he had never been expelled from the University.

Many people were surprised at the time that he did not lose a single year despite all his troubles; he finished the full course in about two years instead of the usual four.

The graduation diploma was the key to a profession (he applied for the position of assistant barrister-at-law) and a means of earning a livelihood. This was a vital problem, for the whole family was living on Mother's pension and on what little property had been left after Father's death.

It was in those years, at first in Kazan and then in Samara, that Vladimir became a staunch and confirmed revolutionary, fearless in the face of difficulties, utterly devoted to the cause of the working people.

Vladimir made a deep study of the works of Marx and Engels, who showed that in all countries the capitalists were oppressing the workers and building great fortunes at their expense, and that the landowners were getting rich on the labour of the peasants. Marx and Engels wrote that there was only one way to end all exploitation and oppression, and it was for the workers to unite, and by united effort of all toilers to overthrow the rule of the landowners and capitalists, take the power into their own hands, establish a new order and make life happy for all.

In some countries, where there were many factories, the workers, united by common labour and hardships, had already begun to fight for their rights.

But Russia had few factories in those days; the workers were ignorant and very few were class-conscious. The tsar and his satraps did all they could to help the landowners and capitalists keep the working people enslaved. But Lenin realised



that Russia, too, had to take the path charted by Marx and Engels. Lenin helped the workers to unite, and founded the Communist Party—the most militant vanguard of fighters for the cause of the working class.

For many long years, the working class of Russia waged a dogged revolutionary struggle; in October 1917, led by the Communist Party and fighting in the van of the peasantry, it seized power and is now building a healthy, bright and happy life for all.

Lenin's name is dear to millions of working people throughout the world. He will never be forgotten.



А. Ульянова
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